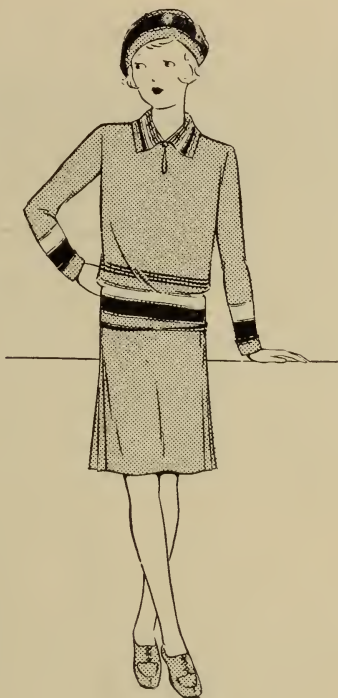


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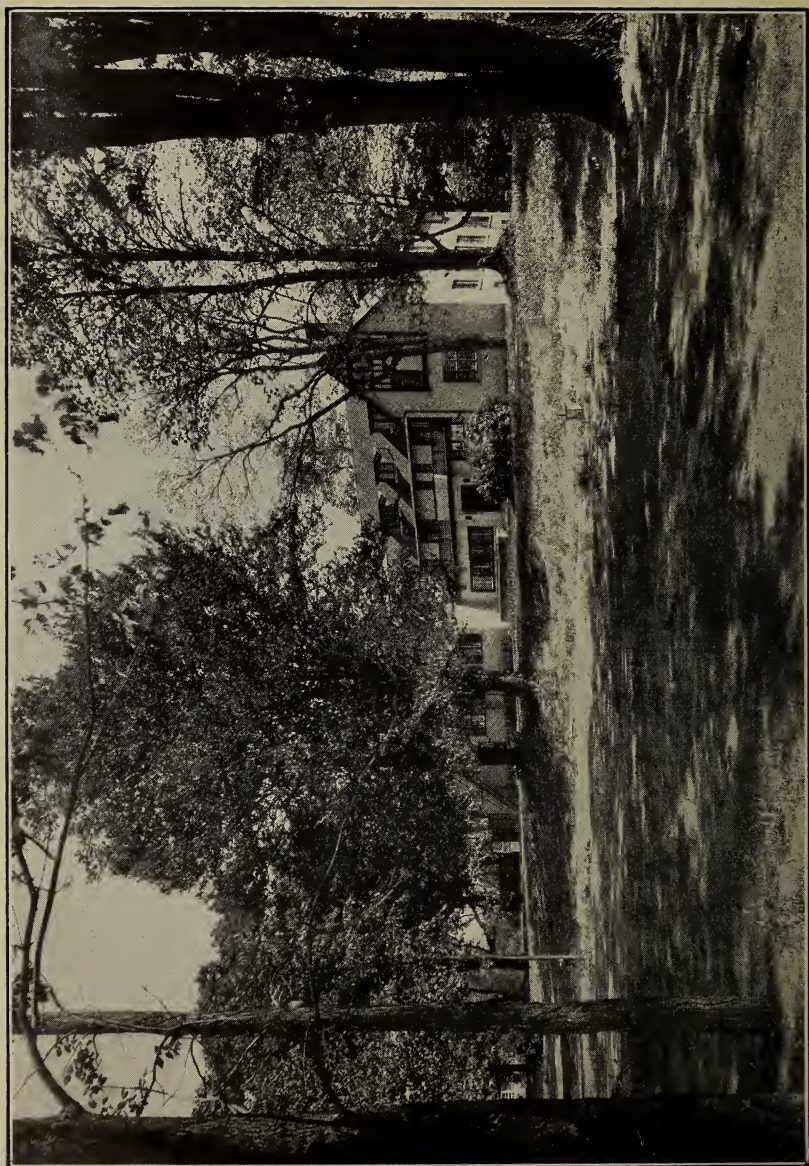
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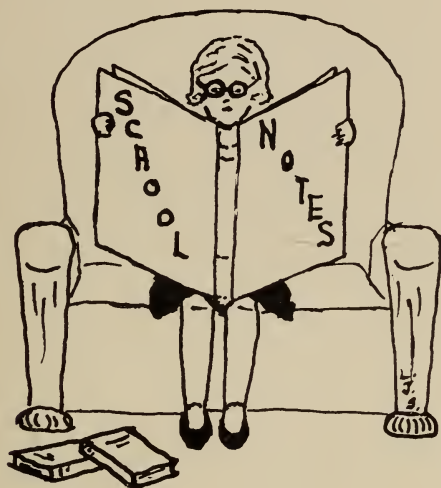
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C O N T E N T S

PAGE

Frontispiece.	
7. School Notes.	
11. House Notes.	
15. School Calendar.	
17. Nomeographs (Drawing with letters)....	BETTY GORDON, <i>V Matric.</i>
18. Editorial.	
19. Prefects '29-'30.	
21. Books and Their Readers....	CYNTHIA HILL, <i>V. Matric.</i>
22. Old Girls' Notes.	
24. Elmwood.....	JEAN WORKMAN, <i>IVB.</i>
25. The New Hall.....	B. SIFTON
25. Music Notes.....	M.G. and C.W.
26. Dramatic Notes.....	M.H.S.
27. Boarders' Notes.	
28. The Boarders' Order of the Day.....	C. IRWIN, <i>IVC</i>
30. A Boarder Writing a Letter in Bed.	
31. Miss Elliott—An Appreciation.	
32. Chant of the Boarders.....	MARGOT SEELY, <i>V Matric.</i>
35. Sports Notes.	
36. Baron's Meditation.....	C. IRWIN
37. Humour.	
40. V. Matric Line-Up.....	E.R.W., <i>V Matric.</i>
41. Our Puppies.	
42. Elmwood Advertisements.....	JEAN WORKMAN, <i>IVB</i>
43. The Forest Pool.....	PEGGY CRERAR, <i>IVB</i>
44. The Laws of Elmwood (A Parody)...	BETTY GORDON, <i>V. Mat.</i>
46. The Peace Tower Speaks.....	M. CRUIKSHANK, <i>IVB</i>
47. Two Ways of Looking At It..	CATHERINE MACPHAIL, <i>VI Mat.</i>



We would like to take this opportunity of extending a hearty welcome to the new members of the Staff, who came to us last September—Miss Brock, Madame Souleyman, Miss Mills and Miss Ide. We also wish to welcome Miss Haire, who arrived a little later to take Miss Odell's place and Miss Greene who has been here since the beginning of this term. We were very sorry that Miss Odell had to leave us so unexpectedly because of ill-health and we are glad to have had recent news of her and to little later to take Miss Odell's place and to Miss Greene who has been here since the beginning of this term. We were very sorry that Miss Odell had to leave us so unexpectedly because of ill-health and we are glad to have had recent news of her and to know that she is much better now. We would like also to thank Miss Roberston for all she did for us when she supplied for Miss Elliott, who had to give up her work, owing to illness, just before Christmas.

We would like to congratulate the girls who were successful in their matriculation examinations last year. The results were excellent.

The individual results were as follows:

BETTY CARTER: Upper School—English Composition 2. Upper School standing was granted to Betty in the following seven papers: English Literature, Modern History, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, French Authors, French Composition. She was unable to write these owing to illness.

MABEL DUNLOP: Upper School—English Composition 2, English Literature 2, Geometry 2, French Authors 2, French Composition 3. Junior subjects—German Authors 1, German Composition 2, Ancient History 1.

MARIAN GALE: Upper School—English Composition 3, Algebra 1, Trigonometry C, French Authors 2, French Composition C. Junior subjects—Ancient History 1, German Authors 1, German Composition 3, Latin Composition 3.

RUTH SEELY: Senior subjects—French Authors 3, French Composition 3. Junior subjects—German Authors C, German Composition C, Ancient History 1, Algebra 2, Geometry 2.

JANET WILSON: Senior subjects—French Authors C, French Composition C. Junior subjects—Ancient History 2, German Authors 3, German Composition 3, Latin Composition C, Latin Authors C, English Composition C.

The following are for junior papers only:—

PATRICIA FOSBERY: Latin Authors 3, German Authors 2.

ELIZABETH KENNY: English Composition 3, German Authors C, Algebra 1, Geometry C, Latin Authors C, Ancient History 1,

ENID PALMER: Spanish Authors 1, Algebra 2, Latin Authors C, Spanish Composition 3.

BETTY HOGG: Spanish Authors 2, Spanish Composition 2.

MAUREEN MACOUN: Spanish Authors 1, Spanish Composition 1.

BETTY VAUGHAN: German Authors 2, German Composition 3, Algebra C, Geometry C, Ancient History 1.

SHARLEY BOWMAN: French Authors 1, French Composition 1, Ancient History 1, Algebra 3, English Literature 3, English Composition 1.

CATHERINE MACPHAIL: Canadian History 1, English Composition 1, English Literature 1, French Grammar 1, French Authors 1, Spanish Grammar 1, Spanish Authors 1, Latin Grammar 1.

MUTH ELIOT: English Literature C, Canadian History 1.

JEAN FINNIE: English Composition 2, French Authors C, French Grammar C.

MORNA PETERS: English Composition C, English Literature C, Canadian History C, French Authors C.

MARGARET SYMINGTON: English Composition 3, English Literature C, Canadian History?, Algebra 3, Geometry C.

JOCELYN WHITE: English Composition 3, English Literature C, Canadian History 3, Algebra C, French Authors C, French Composition C.

Again this year we have girls trying their matriculation. Gladys Jost is trying a few Upper School subjects, while Elizabeth Kenny, Catherine Macphail and Sharley Bowman are finishing their Pass Matric. and taking some Upper School subjects. Margaret Symington, Jocelyn White, Morna Peters and Ruth Eliot are hoping to finish their Pass Matric. Cairine Wilson, Ella McMillan, Cynthia Hill, Betty Sifton, Helen Acheson, Betty Gordon, Margot Seely, Rachel White and Florence Coristine are taking the first part of their junior exams. We hope that this year's candidates will be as successful as those of last year.

Last year the prize winners gave the school some beautiful books for the new library. They are bound in green leather with the school crest on the back.

The prize winners were: Betty Carter, Betty Vaughan, Catherine Macphail, Mabel Dunlop, Marian Gale, Ruth Seely, Janet Wilson, Elizabeth Kenny, Kitty Gordon, Roslyn Arnold, Joan Gausden, Claudia Coristine, Betty Sifton, Cairine Wilson, Louise Courtney, Elaine Meekins, Cynthia Hill, Mary Gray, Jane Smart, Helen Mackay, Eleanor Kenny, Jean Dunlop, Nancy Haultain, Mary Malloch, Betty Hooper, Genevieve Bronson, Hope Gilmour, Ethel Southam, Moira Leathem, Ann Creighton, Eleanor Carson, Betty Hamilton, Marjorie Mackinnon, Winsome Hooper, Gill German, Beatrice Fraser, Joy Armstrong, Ethel Finnie.

We came back to school in September to find a new hall, class-rooms, library, music-room, practice-room and property rooms. The hall was made larger and will now hold about 300 people. We have six large, airy and bright new class-rooms above and they are indeed a pleasure to work in. The stage we hold as one of our proudest possessions and we are going to feel very important when acting on it. Under the stage we have a small study room and dressing and property rooms; a music room containing a new baby grand piano and leading out from this a practice room.

The old Senior Class-room is now transformed into a beautiful library and reception room. The furnishings are very beautiful and the pictures are lovely. On two sides of this room there are dark oak bookcases which are rapidly being filled with all kinds of useful and attractive volumes—Geography, History, Biography,

Fiction, Drama, Art and Poetry are already represented on our shelves. The library is needless to say, much appreciated both by Boarders and Day girls.

On October 15th, Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon, very graciously consented to come and open the hall. They arrived at half past three. Mrs. Buck received their Excellencies and seated with them on the platform were Mrs. Edward Fauquier, Mrs. Harry Southam, the Hon. Cairine Wilson and Mrs. Buck.

Elizabeth Kenny and Marian Gale presented her Excellency with a basket of roses and Mrs. Buck conveyed the appreciation of the School and the assembled company of the honour conferred by Their Excellencies in being present to open the Hall. His Excellency then expressed the delight of himself and her Excellency at being present, thanked those who had in a practical way made the hall possible and then went on to speak to us briefly on woman's influence on a man's life. After granting us a whole holiday, he then pronounced the hall to be open. Mrs. Norman Wilson (now the Hon. Cairine Wilson) thanked their Excellencies for coming and they were then shown over the hall, class-rooms and library. After that, they had tea with Mrs. Buck in her sitting-room.

We would like to take the opportunity here of thanking our many kind friends who have presented us with books for the library. We wish especially to thank Mrs. Fred Carling, the Hon. Cairine Wilson, the Hon. E. A. Dunlop, Mr. Franklyn Ahearn and Dr. A. G. Doughty, also the Old Girls who presented a play, "Lilies of the Field", the proceeds of which are for the library fund.

Two new cups were presented last year, one from Mabel Dunlop for intermediate sports championship and one from Janet Wilson and Kitty Gordon for tennis doubles.

We have now a Prefect Board in the Hall on which the names of Prefects of each year are to be inscribed.

We should like to acknowledge the receipt of the magazines which we have received since the publication of our last magazine: *B.C.S. Magazine*, *The Ashburian*, *St. Andrews College Review*, *Beaver Log*, *Trafalgar Echoes*, *Vox Lycei*, *Lux Glebana*, *Acta Ridleina*.

—E.K.



Keller, Nightingale and Fry are taking a more important place in school life as their numbers increase. This year we have two new officers in each. The first is the House Captain whose duty it is to help and advise the prefects of her house and to take their place if need be in case of absence. The second is the Sports Captain who arranges basketball matches and generally furthers the sports interests of the school. This year too, the mistresses became house members and there are three in each house. They now wear their pins and have definite interests in Keller, Nightingale or Fry. We might add, however, that they are not awarded either red or black stars!

KELLER HOUSE.—Janet Wilson our last year's prefect, brought Keller up to a very high standard, and we were lucky enough to win the shield; this year we are trying to hold our record, although the other houses are doing their best to prevent it. Last year also, Kitty Gordon won the Tennis cup, Audrey Gilmour was the runner up, while Lilian Gardner was the Junior Sports champion.

So far this year Keller's sports have not been very satisfactory as we were defeated in the House Basketball match by Fry; but we hope to make up for this on Sports Day.

We were very proud when we were given a red star for the most artistic arrangement of the Christmas toys which were collected and given to the poor, and we are going to do our best to get another next year.

The members of the House for this year are:—

MEDORA BRITTON—*Prefect.*

Helen Acheson, Cecil Bate, Francis Bates, Barbara Beck, Nancy Bonnar, Charlotte Bowman (House Captain), Eleanor Carson, Alison Cochrane, Florence Coristine, Diana Clark, Ann Creighton, Ethel Finnie, Lilian Gardner, Ruth Gillingham, Audrey Gilmour (Sports Captain), Betty Hamilton, Nancy Haultain, Cynthia Hill, Ruth Hughson, Moira Leathem, Dorothy Leggett, Ella McMillan, Morna Peters, Jean Robertson, Betty Sifton, Pamela Simpson, June White, Jean Workman.

Mistresses—Miss Woolcott, Miss Bayes, Miss Adams.

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE.—Nightingale has again been fortunate in sports. For the second time Norma Hall was the winner of the Intermediate Tennis Championship. We should also like to congratulate Norma for her splendid showing in the Badminton Tournament for the Championship of Canada. The Senior Sports Cup was won by Catherine Macphail after a keen competition with Betty Carter.

Nightingale won a star for the high quality of their Christmas contribution of toys and clothing for the poor children.

At the end of the first term Nightingale was leading the other houses in stars and we hope that this year by working hard we may recover the shield.

The House Members for the year are:—

Senior Prefects MARIAN GALE AND ELIZABETH KENNY
Head of the House CATHERINE MACPHAIL
Prefect JOCELYN WHITE

Joan Ahearn (Sports Captain), Mary Ardern, Dorothy Blackburn, Genevieve Bronson, Mary Craig, Joan Elkins, Virginia Ferrante, Joan Fraser, Betty Gordon, Doreen Graham, Norma Hall, Catherine Irwin, Joan Keefer, Peggy Law, Eleanor Leggett, Helen MacKay, Mary Malloch, Betty McLaughlin, Elizabeth McMillan, Christina McNaughton, Betty Plaunt, Ethel Southam, Elizabeth Symington, Nancy Toller, Susan Watson, Cairine Wilson (House Captain).

Mistresses—Miss Neal, Miss Challis, Miss Haire.



Top—HOUSE PREFECTS
 Centre—SENIOR PREFECTS BASKET-BALL TEAM
 Lower—PREFECTS AND HOUSE SENIOR

FRY HOUSE.—Fry is very proud to be the holder for the second year of the House Sports cup and we would like to congratulate Jane Smart for winning the intermediate sports cup.

Every year there is a collection of toys sent to the poor children which provides great competition among the houses, because the house having the most things gets two red stars. For the first time Fry was the winner.

In an inter-house basketball match in the fall Fry defeated Keller and we hope in the spring to repeat our victory over Nightingale.

In the first term Fry ranked last in red stars but there is still time left and we are all trying very hard to raise the number.

The House Members for the year are:—

Head of House MARGARET SYMINGTON

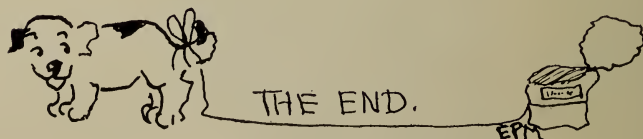
Prefect JANET SOUTHAM

House Senior GLADYS JOST

Lilias Ahearn, Betty Ball, Glen Borbridge, Claudia Coristine, Peggy Crerar, Miriam Cruikshank, Margaret Carson, Jeannie Dunlop, Ruth Eliot (House Captain), Patricia Galt, Hope Gilmour, Betty Harris, Janet Hill, Dorothy Hardy, Ruth Monk, Betty Hooper, Nini Keefer, Eleanor Kenny, Barbara Kennedy, Dorothy Laidlaw, Kathleen Lawson, Elaine MacFarlane, Pamela Reed, Margot Seely, Rachel White (Sports Captain), Anna Wilson, Joan Watson.

Mistresses—Miss Brock, Miss Mills, Madame Souleyman.

—C.M., M.B., M.H.S.



SCHOOL CALENDAR

FIRST TERM

September 24th.—School opened.

September 28th.—Boarders went to Kingsmere (Saturday).

October 4th.—Boarders went to Wakefield (Saturday).

October 12th.—Heard Miss Margaret Deneke lecture on Schumann.

October 16th.—Opening of hall by His Excellency.

October 17th.—Edward Johnson concert.

October 18th.—“Spring Maid” given by Rotary Club. Our thanks are due to the Hon. Cairine Wilson.

October 19th.—Movies at school. Kindness of Mrs. Harry Southam (Saturday).

October 21st.—H.I.H. Alexander Michaelowitch lecture on “Out of My Life”.

October 23rd.—Miss Edward’s Play, “Wedding Bells”.

October 26th.—Sydney Thompson Recital at the Little Theatre.

October 31st.—Hallowe’en Party at school.

November 7th.—Major McKeand’s talk on Armistice.

November 7th-12th.—Thanksgiving week-end.

November 16th.—English Singers concert at Glebe Collegiate.

November 18th.—Lecture on Sculpture at National Gallery.

November 22nd.—Jack Mulholland (magician) at Little Theatre.

November 23rd.—Disraeli (moving picture) at Regent Theatre.

November 27th.—Lecture on Assyrian Art at National Gallery.

December 3rd.—Jacques Thibaud Recital.

December 6th.—Horse Show. Our thanks are due to Mr. Norman Wilson.

December 9th.—Lecture on Canadian Art.

December 13th.—Boarders Musicale.

December 19th.—Christmas Party.

December 20th.—Closing for Christmas Holidays.

January 9th.—Return after Christmas.

January 15th.—Monsieur Barbeau lecture at National Gallery.

January 17th.—Sir Francis Younghusband, lecture on Tibet at Chateau Laurier.

January 18th.—Drama League play.

January 24th.—Shakespeare Recital by Mrs. Forbes Robertson Hale and her daughter, Sanchio.

January 31st.—French Comic Opera Company in "Ciboulette".

January 20th.—Canadian Women's Club concert.

SECOND TERM

February 2nd.—Ontario Ski-Jumping Championship.

February 5th.—Dog Derby.

February 7th.—Rachmaninoff concert.

February 11th.—Lecture in school hall by Mrs. Eric Brown on "Pageant of Venetian Art".

February 12th.—Miss Edward's play, "The Arrival of Kitty", at the Little Theatre.

February 13th.—Old Girls Play "The Lilies of the Field" in the school hall.

February 19th-20th.—Minto Carnival.

February 21st-25th.—Term week-end.

February 26th.—Carola Goya (Spanish dancer) at the Little Theatre.

February 28th.—Kathryn Meisle (singer) at the Glebe Collegiate.

March 1st.—Minto Competitions. Non-Minto boarders went to the Embassy Theatre.

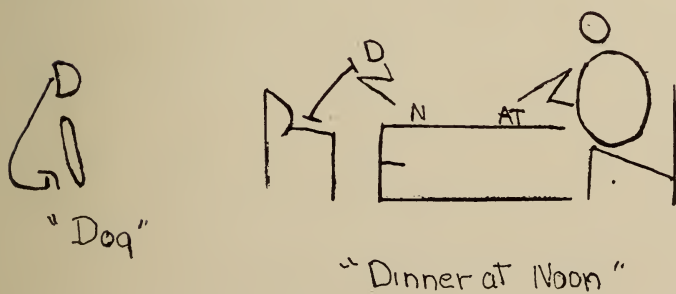
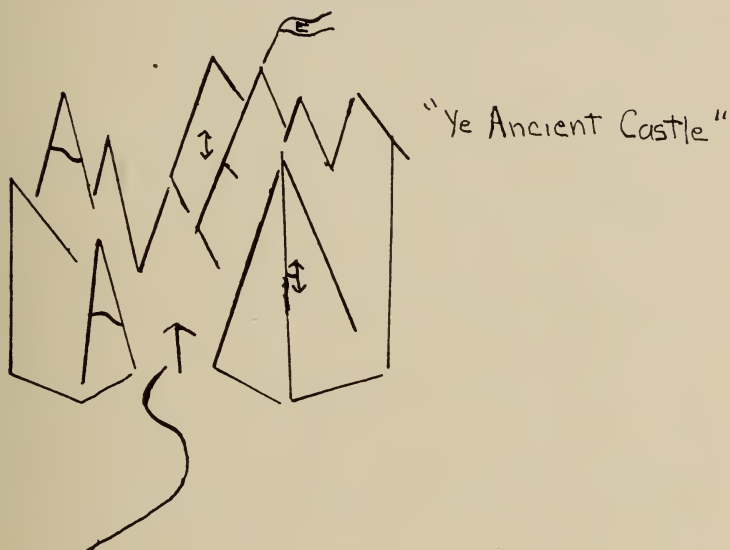
March 6th.—L'Alliance Française Concert.

March 8th.—Kiwaniis "Showboat Days". Out thanks are due to the Hon. Cairine Wilson.

March 7th.—Mrs. Fleming gave an informal talk on India in the school hall.



Nomeographs (drawing with letters)



Betty Gordon V Matric

EDITORIAL

Another page will soon be turned in Elmwood's book of years—a page full of honest effort and achievement. In every undertaking keen interest has been displayed by the Elmwoodians and valuable lessons have been learned on the gamesfield as well as in the classroom. We feel that every girl has done her best to uphold the ideals and traditions of Elmwood—in other words, to live up to our motto "Summa Summarum". Those of us who are leaving appreciate, perhaps more than the rest, the important part school days play in forming our characters and we can truthfully say that we have learned here only what is highest and best. It is our duty to bear these fine principles in mind and to live in accordance with them.

House spirit is becoming keener each year. The new girls have settled in well and, we hope, have been happy in their respective houses.

Great enthusiasm was shown in Basketball and Lacrosse last fall. Although as yet we are but novices in our own Canadian game, we hope to improve with practice. Badminton was played during the winter and Elmwood boasts several promising badminton players. We are all eager to begin outdoor games again—especially Tennis.

This year several girls are going to try matriculation examinations. Some are beginning their matric, others finishing and still others taking honour exams. We wish them all success. When the results come out, may no Elmwoodian have anything with which to reproach herself.

We should like to take this opportunity of publicly thanking the members of the Magazine Staff, who have worked so faithfully, and also all girls who have contributed to the reading material of "Samara". We are only sorry that all contributions could not have been printed. As the magazine reflects the life and character of the school we hope that this year's will in every way reach the standard.

—C.M.

PREFECTS '29-'30



MARIAN GALE.—A flaxen-haired maid of the Upper Sixth, Marian finished her matric last year and returned in September to take Specials. She has made her presence felt in the school by her quiet yet forceful nature. Marian is one of the most energetic tea consumers on Friday afternoon. When we see her picking up a second sandwich there is always a rush to count the rest to see if we each get two.

ELIZABETH KENNY.—Elizabeth Kenny hails from the thriving town of Buckingham, Que. She has been at Elmwood for five years, and this year she came back to become co-head girl and Prefect with Marian. Liz, as she is affectionately called by us, is one of the best prefects. She is our time-piece too, for it is her duty to set all the school clocks by the big clock in the front hall, and to ring the two first bells early every morning. She is also responsible for waking up the music pupils from their innocent (?) slumbers at seven a.m. Liz hopes to go to McGill in a year or two to take a course in Political Science.



CATHERINE MACPHAIL.—Kay is one of Elmwood's star performers. As Prefect of Nightingale House, she has inspired us to make greater attempts than ever before in honour of our House. Her bright infectious smile greets us every morning and helps to start the day off correctly. Kay took eight matriculation subjects with spectacular success, for she got first class honours in them all. Bravo! She is also our Senior Sports Cup holder. This year she is editor of *The Samara* and will, we are sure, make a great success of it. In June, when Kay leaves, Elmwood will lose one of its best loved and most popular girls.

MARGARET SYMINGTON.—Prefect of Fry House. The best things don't always come done up in large parcels, for Symie is our smallest Prefect. She came to us from Winnipeg, but is now living in Montreal. She upheld Elmwood's honour at the Minto by winning every competition open to her. Symie is always on the spot when there is work to be done, and during the week following the Easter holidays she stepped into Liz's shoes and



showed her fellow Prefects her mettle. Fry House is extremely fortunate in having Symie as its House Prefect and she has kept up the high standard set by Betty Vaughan, Prefect for '28-'29. She is also a very valuable member of our first Basket-ball Team.



MEDORA BRITTON.—Toronto claims a valuable member in Medora. A dark, wavy-haired lass, who, during her year and a half at Elmwood has endeared herself to all of us. Dodo captained the School Basket-ball Team this year, and although we were beaten in our most important match with the Old Girls, it was due to Dodo's good judgement in placing the team that we were only defeated by one point, the score being 14-13. Keller claims her as its House Prefect and she has certainly justified Mrs. Buck's choice, for she has led Keller on to be the foremost House for Red Stars. Dodo is one of the brighter stars in that brilliant constellation—Joan Ahearn, Janet Southam & Co., who seem to spend their time learning French verbs for Madame.

JANET SOUTHAM.—In September Janet was made a House Senior with the promise of becoming a Prefect after Christmas. She took her place in the round of school duties so well that at Christmas it was felt that she had earned her Prefect's pin most nobly. The Preparatory claims most of Janet's attention and they readily learn to bring their big worries and troubles to her motherly lap. Janet had a birthday early in April and we hope by the time *Samara* is published we will have partaken of that scrumptious chocolate birthday cake that has been promised. "Gone but not forgotten."



GLADYS JOST.—On behalf of the Prefects I want to welcome Gladys to our select circle as a House Senior. Coming from a large school to us in September, we are sure she found it very difficult to get used to our ways, although never once did she make complaints or suggestions that things might be done a little differently. On the last day of the old term we asked Mrs. Buck if Gladys might come to tea with us that we might acquaint her with the mysterious ways (!) of one with authority. Up to the present, Gladys has not been present at a Staff-Prefect meeting which is one of our most thrilling moments, so we are

eagerly awaiting the next one to find out her opinion of it. Since she has been a House Senior she has been of the greatest assistance to the Mistresses, especially to Miss Neal on dancing days, when she helps the Juniors to dress and hang up their dancing tunics.—M.W.J.

JOCELYN WHITE.—Jocey has been at Elmwood for seven years and this year is a Prefect in Nightingale House. She has worked hard and faithfully for Elmwood. As a guard of the school Basket-ball Team, Jocey has proved most efficient and she has distinguished herself in her effort to keep us interested in all sports. Patiently each day she has looked after the dinner register and waiting list which, although they may appear trivial, are in reality very troublesome matters. The most arduous task she undertook was as advertising manager of this magazine. When Jocey leaves, Elmwood will lose a valuable Prefect, one who has rightly earned the love and respect of all, and who has done her best to uphold the high standards of the school.—M.H.S.



BOOKS AND THEIR READERS

Cairine Wilson	Water Babies
Norma Hall	Guide to Badminton
Barbara Watson	Great Expectations
Betty Plaunt	The Poor Little Rich Girl
Joan Ahearn	Beautiful Joe
Betty Sifton	Black Beauty
Audrey Gilmour	Plain Tales from the Hills
Florence Coristine	Eat and Grow Thin
Joan Watson	Fuzzy Wuzzy
Virginia Ferrante	Hugo's Italian Simplified
Helen Acheson	Points on Tennis
Catherine Macphail	Ask Me Another
Jean Dunlop	Freckles
The Primary	When We Were Very Young
Form I	Little Women

—CYNTHIA HILL, *V Matric.*

OLD GIRLS' NOTES

The second annual performance of the Elmwood Old Girls Dramatic Club was given in the school hall on February 13th. It was the first performance to be given on the new stage since it was rebuilt last summer. The play was "The Lilies of the Field" by John Hastings Turner. It is the story of the twin daughters of an English clergyman who, as a birthday present from their grandmother, have the choice of a month in London during the season or ten yards of pink crêpe de chine. What happens to the twin who goes to London makes an amusing story. It has many witty lines, and was well received by a large audience. Over two hundred dollars was made for the benefit of the school library.

The cast was as follows:—

The Vicar.....	Betty Fauquier
Ann (his wife).....	Catherine Dougherty
Elizabeth.....	Pat Fosbery
Catherine.....	Vals Gilmour
Mrs. Rooks Walter.....	Sylvia Smellie
Violet, a maid.....	Clare Borbridge
Barnaby Haddon.....	Nancy MacCarthy
Bryan Ropes.....	Ruth Bostock
The Hon. Monica Flane...	Isobel Grant
Withers (maid).....	Clare Borbridge

—S.S.

Betty Fauquier, Vals Gilmour, Nancy MacCarthy and Sylvia Smellie have been in Ottawa all winter. Sylvia is the Secretary of the Old Girls' Association, and Betty is one of the active members of the Committee. Vals has done good work for the Drama League, and Nancy has been an energetic member of the May Court Club. Their excellent work in connection with the Old Girls' Play was much appreciated.

Roslyn Arnold and Janet Wilson are both at school in Paris. Ruth Seely is at Lausanne. We get most enthusiastic letters from them all.

Edith Baskerville is still abroad but is expected home at the end of the summer. "Edie" spent her Christmas holidays in the South of France.

Mrs. Douglas Blair (Gwendolyn Borden) is one of the most active members of the Twentieth Century Women's Liberal Club.

Catherine Bate took a business course this winter and is now working with the Gatineau Power Company.

Mrs. W. Willowby (Amea Brewin) is living in Poland and is the proud mother of a son.

Beryl and Monica Brett are in England. Beryl is writing scenarios with Lucy Weir's brother-in-law.

Jean Burns, Isobel Grant and Betty Hogg have been in Ottawa this winter. Isobel has been taking an Art Course, and Jean comes down to school for Dramatics. Enid Palmer has also been at home this year but has gone abroad for the summer.

Jean Brodie, Catherine Grant, Betty Vaughan and Marjorie Wallis have been in Montreal. Betty is taking a business course and Jean has been working hard at her music.

Marjorie Borden and Alice Peck are studying art in New York. Marjorie is also one of this year's Debutantes.

Lorna and Mary Blackburn have been south this winter, but are back in town again.

Hope McMahon was married last autumn, and is now Mrs. John Belcourt. Margaret Monseratt whose engagement, has just been announced, was Hope's maid-of-honour.

Mrs. Kenneth Weir (Lucy Crowdy) has a little daughter born last Christmas Day.

Betty Carter, Molly Houston, Letty Wilson and Mabel Dunlop are all attending Toronto University. We should like to congratulate "Nibs" and Letty for their good work in the Hart House Plays.

Catherine Dougherty has been in Ottawa this winter. Catherine is the energetic Treasurer of the Old Girls' Association.

Frances Drury is at school in Brussels and likes it very much. She will be home the end of August.

Mary Dunlop is at home in Pembroke but motors down to Ottawa very often.

Louise Fauquier has been travelling in Mexico and the Southern States.

Joan Gausden has been taking a course of domestic science in Montreal.

Mrs. Henry Gill (Vera Birkett) is living in Ottawa and has two delightful children.

Kitty Gordon has been travelling in Europe and is expected here in June for the closing.

Our latest news of Mrs. Shirley Woods (Catherine Guthrie) is that she has a little son born on the tenth of May. Congratulations, Catherine!

Mrs. F. C. Chiswell (Nora MacCarthy) is living in London, England, but was in Canada on a visit to her parents last summer.

Sue Houston and Dorothy Peck have been running a branch of Miss Scarthe's Giftshops of Toronto, here. It is called Cargoes.

Julia MacBrien is in London studying Dramatic Art at the Royal Academy.

Sybil Rhodes paid a visit to Ottawa at Christmas time, but she is back in Halifax now.

Luella Irvin and Betty Toller were at MacDonald College until Christmas. Since then Luella began a business course in Ottawa, and Betty is studying dancing and doing library work in Toronto.

Betty Smart, Jean Finnie and Isobel Wilson are taking private lessons in Ottawa.

Olive Wilson is Secretary of the Twentieth Century Women's Liberal Club. She leaves to spend the summer abroad early in June, with her aunt.

Just before going to press we learned with great regret of the death of Senator Bostock. We wish to extend our sincere sympathy to Ruth.

—M.J.W.



ELMWOOD

E Is for energy which we all have got
 L Is for Latin "Well! I'd just as soon not,"
 M For Matric which we must one day take
 W For weeping that comes in its wake.
 O Is for officers and captains we prize
 O Is for Orders from Prefects so wise.
 D Is for day girls we're all very good
 And all put together these lines spell

ELMWOOD.

—JEAN WORKMAN, I V B.

THE NEW HALL

Last summer on leaving school we realized that we were looking for the last time on our old Assembly Hall, stage and classrooms; though strange to say we were not exactly sad at the prospect of the change.

On our return we found an even greater improvement than we had expected. The class-rooms were entirely different and the workmen were also putting the finishing touches to a new Hall, much larger than the old one, and to a magnificent new stage, in style inclining to the Elizabethan. On entering the Hall door, one is immediately impressed by this stage, its green curtain contrasting with the cream of the walls, and the curve of a Proscenium arch echoing the graceful sweep of the broad marble steps in front (unfortunately the latter are really wood); below the stage are large property rooms in which to change and to fortify our complexions against the effects of rose, amber or mauve overhead lights, which are aided by floods reflecting on to a horizon wall.

On its completion His Excellency opened the Hall with a short speech, in which among other things he made us realize that in future our dramatic performances must be of a very high standard to be worthy of our setting; and what seemed much more important to us, gave us a half-holiday in honour of the occasion.

—B. SIFTON.



MUSIC NOTES

This year the number of music pupils has increased so much that Miss Tipple has been unable to teach them all. Miss Gertrude Haire has taken over the instruction of the younger ones.

When the hall was enlarged last summer a new music room and practice room were added. We now have five pianos on which we may practise. The new music room is much larger and brighter than the old one and the new room has added greatly to the pleasure we get from our lessons.

Last year the Senior Music Prize was won by Elizabeth Kenny. The Intermediate Prize was awarded to Jean Dunlop, while the Junior was presented to Joy Armstrong.

Mr. Puddicombe has very kindly presented two medals. One for the best music pupil in the school and one for the girl who has made the most progress.

Last year musical evenings were instituted at which the boarders who learned music demonstrated each month to Mrs. Buck and the Staff, the improvement they were making. Janet Southam and Jean Dunlop, who is also being taught by Mr. Puddicombe this year, obtained encores at the two musicals we have had so far.

A system has been started this year by which every girl gets a gold star for each lesson which is well prepared. A clear month of gold stars makes a red star for the house.

This year we have been very fortunate—we were able to hear Edward Johnson, Jacques Thibaud, The English Singers, Rachmaninoff and Katherine Meisle. Miss Margaret Deneke's lecture on Shumann was extremely interesting. Katherine Goodson's and Gertrude Huntly's concerts were also enjoyed very much.

—M.G. and C.W.



DRAMATIC NOTES

Elmwood has always taken a special interest in dramatics and has been noted for its activity along this line. Under the excellent guidance of Miss Margaret Challis and due to her untiring efforts, four plays have been completed throughout the school this year. The beginners are not included in this, because they do not give a performance in costume their first year.

Two of the boarders' most interesting evenings were two Musical and Dramatic entertainments. The first was presented before Mr. and Mrs. Buck and the Staff, while at the second we had as our guests Mrs. Harry Southam and Miss Edna Thackray. Every boarder contributed something to the evening and many performed twice.

In contrast with the bright, quick play of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" which the Seniors did last year, they are this year doing the more tragic play of "The Merchant of Venice". They are also putting on a comedy "The Poetasters of Ispahan", which is very different from last year's tragedy of "X=O".

The outstanding dramatic events are yet to come. The programme will be:—

April 11th.—The Poetasters of Ispahan by the Senior Dramatic Class and "Pandora" by dancing and dramatic students.

April 30th.—"The Dragon", by the Intermediate Dramatic Class.

May 6th.—Pianoforte and Singing Recital.

May 9th.—Dancing Recital followed by Scenes from Maeterlink's Fantasy.

May 16th.—"The Merchant of Venice" by the Senior Dramatic Class.

These performances have unusual interest for us this year on account of the wonderful new stage with all its up-to-date effects. After its auspicious opening by their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon, we felt that it was very fitting that the Old Girls should be the first to present a play on it. This play "The Lilies of the Field", by showing us what can be achieved, inspired us to fresh efforts in dramatics.

—M.H.S.



BOARDERS' NOTES

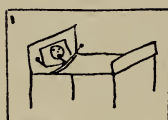
When we came back to school last fall, there was the usual excitement, getting formally introduced to the new girls and violently embracing the old ones. When we were finally sorted out and all our belongings had been carefully listed and filed, we had time to discover that there were nine senior boarders, six of whom played bridge, ten intermediate and half that number of juniors.

We were almost resigned to school life when some of the out-of-town boarders—including the goldfish—arrived. Archinald and Regibald had two more goldfish with them who are so far unchristened—any suggestions will be carefully considered.

After Christmas one of the juniors brought back two turtles, which, following the popular school pastime, are still asleep.

The Hallowe'en Party is the big event in every boarder's life before the days until Christmas can be counted under a hundred. The costumes seem to get more varied and clever each year. Most

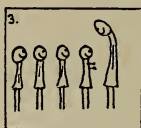
The Boarders' Order of the day



1 We all do our best
To wake up from a rest



2 And hastily dress
We must not look a mess



3 Then race to the hall
Every one of us all.



4 As soon as we're neat
We sit down and eat



5 Our beds we then make
For our comforts' sake



6 The next in the day
Is our fresh air and play



7 A bell soon goes
Which as everyone knows



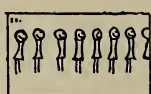
8 Means And make the air ring
for prayers that are given downstairs



9 (The years at the Spring)



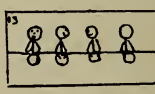
10 Then comes our school work
That we must not shirk



11 When that is done
We all make a run



12 To wash ourselves clean
To be fit to be seen



13 We then take a seal
And proceed to eat



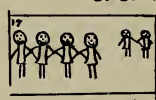
14 The next is a rule
Get out of the school.



15 We study next thing
Until the bell rings



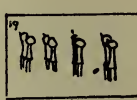
16 Then day girls go home
But we, we just room—



17 In The garden or play
Just whatever we may



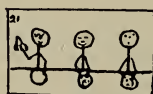
18 Soon comes our tea
A nice sight to see



19 We walk very soon
The same every afternoon



20 Again we have study
My brain seems so muddy



21 Then supper have we
It's a pleasure to me



22 Again we have prayers
Only this time upstairs—



23 Then after some sun
Our long day is done

of the day-girls came and everyone enjoyed themselves very much.

The musical evenings are always a source of gloom, even though we recognize, in the abstract, that they are very beneficial to our self-confidence. We have had two so far this year. At the first we endeavoured to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Buck and the staff, at the second Mrs. Harry Southam and Miss Edna Thackray were also present.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Harry Southam for the ping-pong table. It has afforded us much pleasure and we feel more than grateful to her for this and her many other gifts.

This winter most of the boarders purchased pullovers. It was indeed an inspiring sight to see us, clothed in green from head to foot, our skirts tucked in and our noses a glowing and healthy crimson. Although a few still persisted in ski-ing, tobogganing was more popular and many new and upsetting bumps were discovered on a hitherto innocent looking hill.

This year the practicing has been greatly simplified by the practice list. Any refusals to practice when and where set down are met with black marks!

Our heartfelt thanks are due to E.M.K. and C.R.M.W. for their conscientious efforts to waken the early morning practicees. If they felt discouraged from our reception of them at 7 a.m. and did not realize that we appreciated the wonderful work they were doing, we are sorry and take back everything.

The new library has been very popular and the reading on Sunday night has been even more enjoyable since we have had it in there.

We are very grateful to Mrs. McCurry for coming down to the School to teach the boarders madrigals, and we hope that we have improved as much as we would like to believe that we have.

A very enjoyable evening was provided last term for the boarders by Bobby and Cargill Southam, who showed us, in the hall, a thrilling movie of the northwest.

In conclusion we would like to suggest that a course of lectures be instituted for certain members of the Staff on the subject of doors, the first to be "The Difference Between the Door Leading Out of the Room and That Leading Into the Cupboard!"—M.G.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Prefect who writes this article is not very clear on the subject of doors herself!



A BOARDER WRITING A LETTER IN BED

NOTE.—This is pictured by a Day-girl who knows not the reality.—“No fountain pen may be used in the bedrooms.”

MISS ELLIOTT—AN APPRECIATION

We feel that we must take the opportunity which the Magazine affords us of expressing in a few words our appreciation of Miss Elliott's work among us during the last two years. We were very sorry that she had to return to England shortly after Christmas, owing to ill health, and we are delighted to be able to tell all her many friends who may read this article that she is now very much better and indeed well on the road to a complete recovery.

Miss Elliott undertook her work with vigour, and inspired us with some of her own boundless enthusiasm. She taught us Danish games and dancing. Her drill classes were strenuous and invigorating and our hours in the gym with her were among the happiest in the week. She taught us much apparatus work and difficult exercises which required the application of mind as well as body. Towards the end of the year a special gym class was formed for those who were especially adapted to that form of exercise.

Miss Elliott coached the basket-ball team so efficiently that in almost all our outside matches Elmwood was successful. During matches "mentions" were given to girls who played exceptionally well, the object in view being to win badges for their blazers. Longball, a Danish game, was played almost every afternoon in fall and spring. Its chief merit is that any number of girls can play at one time.

But the most interesting game Miss Elliott introduced was Lacrosse. I think we all felt rather excited and important when we first carried our Lacrosse sticks down to the field. There, at almost every free moment, we practised catching and throwing the ball, until we were able to try our tests. However, as the beginners' stage is very long, few of us passed more than the first and second. We were able to play only about a dozen real matches.

Our sports day at the end of the year was a very successful one. Miss Elliott spent much time and energy on it and I think she was rewarded in some measure for her pains. Everyone greatly enjoyed the races and contests, participants as well as onlookers.

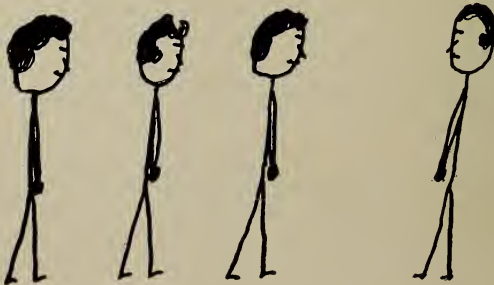
But the most important lessons Miss Elliott taught us were team work, sportsmanship and fair play—to "play the game" in the true sense of the term.

—THE EDITOR.

CHANT OF THE BOARDERS

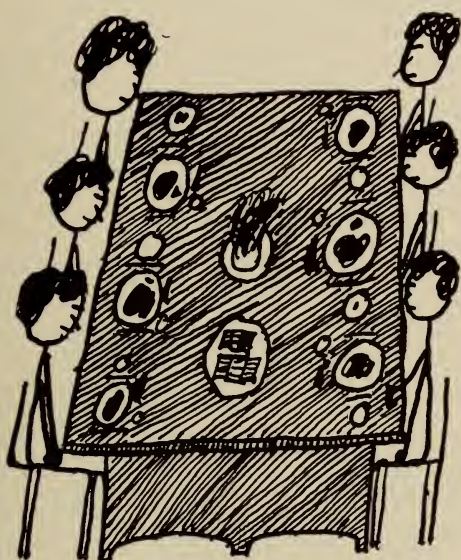


The bell rings out for us at dawn,
 We hear the prefect's tread,
 The light's turned on, the window shut
 We tumble out of bed.





And all day long we study hard
Our rest is but to eat,
At eventide right after prayers
The gramophone's a treat.

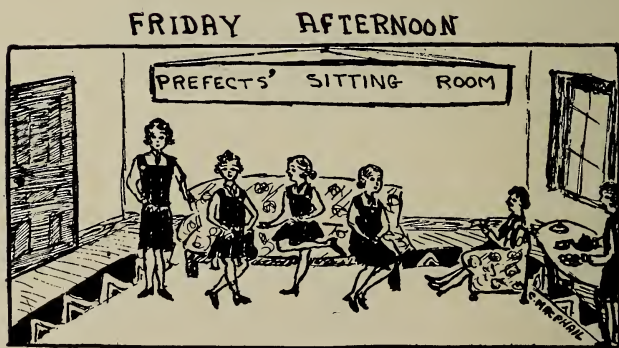


The bell rings out for bath and sleep,
We hear the teacher's tread
The light's turned out, the window's wide.
We tumble into bed.



The boarders have a happy life
We abide by every rule,
For the fact is very clear that we're
The cream of all the school.

—MARGOT SEELY, *V Matric.*





Owing to the late opening of school this year we did not have very much time for outdoor sports, nevertheless great progress was made in lacrosse, while longball was always popular.

BASKET-BALL was played with great interest, but only one match was arranged with the Old Girls. The teams were:—

Old Girls.—Vals Gilmour and Nancy MacCarthy, centres; Betty Fauquier and Patricia Fosbery, forwards; Sylvia Smellie and Marion Murphy, guards.

Elmwood.—Margaret Symington and Helen Mackay, centres; Norma Hall and Rachel White, forwards; Medora Britton and Jocelyn White, guards.

The score was 14-13 in favour of the Old Girls. It was a close match and excellently played.

Margaret Symington received a mention. The Old Girls promised a return match which we hope will be played this spring,

There was a House match between Fry and Keller. Fry winning with a score of 29-19. The teams were:—

Fry.—Margot Seely and Rachel White, forwards; Nini Keefer and Margaret Symington, centres; Gladys Jost and Janet Southam guards.

Keller.—Diana Clark and Cynthia Hill, centres; Audrey Gilmour and Betty Sifton, forwards; Medora Britton and Charlotte Bowman, guards.

TENNIS.—Last spring the senior cup was won by Kitty Gordon, runner up Audrey Gilmour.

The intermediate cup by Norma Hall, runner up Helen Mackay.

The Archery meet that was to have been held last autumn was postponed owing to bad weather.

SKATING.—The rink has shown considerable improvement each year since it was started and this year was better than ever. It was very popular with the Junior school who were greatly disappointed when the early thaw spoilt it.

At the Minto, Elmwood was well represented in the competitions:

The Minto Cup (Junior Girl Championship) won by Margaret Symington.

The Wilson Cup (for qualified skater) won by Margaret Symington.

Gillmore Memorial Cup (for girls pairs) won by Audrey Gilmour and Rachel White.

Qualifying Test.—Mary Craig, Betty Harris and June White.

BADMINTON is becoming quite a popular Indoor Sport and Tournaments are being played off.



BARON'S MEDITATION



I like it here at Elmwood,
I'll tell you why, you see
There's always lots of girls around
And they sometimes play with me.

When I get the opportunity
I grab a mit or hat,
And then they all run after me
But I always give it back.

I have my favourite rope to chew,
And I have my favourite ball,
But when I jump up on the girls
They always seem to fall.

And then there's one girl that I like,
She'll always be my friend
Because she gives me biscuits,
And I guess that is the end.

—C. IRWIN.



HUMOUR

Teacher: "Can anyone tell me where the theatre is first mentioned in history?"

Bright Pupil: "When Joseph was taken from the family circle and thrown into the pit."



A bride always wears white because her wedding day is her happiest day.

Why does the bridegroom always wear black?



Have you heard of the Scotchman who fries his bacon in Lux to keep it from shrinking?



AROUND THE SCHOOL. (*These are guaranteed to be authentic.—Editor.*)

On the board one day—

All desks must be tidied and inspected by me.

In the music room—

Don't use your thumb on that note—use your common sense.

From a general knowledge paper we learn that—

Juliet was five when she married Romeo.

Corot is a town noted for porcelain.

“Chequers” is a game.



Mistress: Jean, please bring me the scissors.

Bright Girl: I'm sorry I couldn't find them (*hopefully*) but I brought a hammer.



The Scorer at bridge—Did you have a hundred honours?

Partner (*seriously*)—No, I only had four.



Did you hear that—

The Spartans died standing and were buried where they fell.





V. MATRIC LINE-UP

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nick Name</i>	<i>Ambition</i>	<i>Probable Future Occupation</i>	<i>Weakness</i>	<i>Favourite Expression</i>
HELEN ACHESON.....	<i>Ache</i>	Tennis Champ.....	Marking Tennis Courts...	French conversation,	"Will you take my plate?"
FLORENCE CORISTINE.	<i>Flossie</i>	Opera Singer.....	Vaudeville singer.....	Sports.....	Censored.
AUDREY GILMOUR....	<i>Oggie</i>	To be a golf champ..	Caddie.....	Ham.....	"Isn't she gorgeous?"
BETTY GORDON.....	<i>Bet</i>	To be quiet.....	Clown in circus.....	Fish.....	"Ha! Ha!"
CYNTHIA HILL.....	<i>Skinny</i>	To get 4th class test	Apache skater.....	Blushing.....	"Choke her."
ELLA MACMILLAN...	<i>Mac</i>	Maths. teacher.....	Washer-woman.....	Rough note books.	"How coy."
MARGOT SEELY.....	<i>Marg</i>	To be 15 years old..	Child in "Talkie"	2nd helpings....	"Oh you!"
BETTY SIFTON.....	<i>Sifton</i>	To be a singer.....	Piano tuner.....	Quiet studies....	Censored.
CAIRNE WILSON.....	<i>Cyrinie</i>	Swim Atlantic.....	Life guard in Ottawa bath	Shoe black.....	"Keep quiet."
RACHEL WHITE.....	<i>Rache</i>	To jump the horse...	Learning to spring.....	Elevators.....	Censored.

—E.R.W., V MATRIC.

OUR PUPPIES



These three little puppies
Whose pictures you see,
Are white, black, and tan,
And as cute as can be.

They are little imps of mischief,
Just seven months old,
And though we try to make them good
They won't do what they're told.



They're very fond of mittens,
And they're very fond of tuques,
They just love furry kittens
If they're soft and round and cute.



But what we'd do without our pups
We really cannot tell,
For they're the ones that know our troubles
Oh! so very well.

ELMWOOD ADVERTISEMENTS

DANCING LESSONS
DAILY

by the

PANDORA METHOD.

M. GALE & C. MACPHAIL

Do you want to reduce?
Then control your appetite.
Learn how from
NANCY BONNAR

Learn to understand
Big Words.
And how to say them
from BETTY HARRIS

Does your hair bother you?
Keep it slick with
Joan Watson
BRILLIANTINE

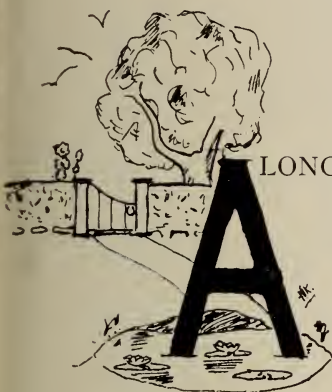
Learn to love everything you
eat.
Try Betty Hamilton pills.

Do you love your dog?
Do not pet him then.
Treat him like a dog.
Learn how from Miss X.

Are you slow at figures—
Get Jean Workman's
Little Blue Book
and add like lightning

Do you walk with a slouch?
Get Dot Hardy's book
On "How to stand Upright"

Learn to Wear a Smile.
Get Helen MacKay's book
called "Smilin' Through"



THE FOREST POOL

LONG the path to the little green gate,
That opens into the shady lane,
Down by the peaceful, fern-covered hollows,
Glistening still with yesterday's rain.

Running along by the sparkling stream,
Over the crest of a wind swept hill,
Lingering in the violet glen,
Listening to the song of the mill.

Now I am in the great, dark, pine wood,
Silent and cool like a mystic hall;
And now I break through a small shady clearing
And down by the edge of the pool I fall.

The breezes whisper in the trees,
But nothing disturbs its placid face;
The dainty ferns grown by the edge,
The pool reflects their filmy lace.

Here, in Spring, wild irises grow,
Bending and swaying in the breeze;
In Autumn all the squirrels play
In and out among the trees.

Here I sit in the dim, misty, twilight,
Listening to the night-hawk's eerie cry,
Then homeward I slowly wend my way
As the shadows darken the western sky.

THE LAWS OF ELMWOOD

or

(Parody on "The Laws of the Jungle")

With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

OW these are the Laws of Elmwood, and many
and mighty they are;
The child that shall keep them may prosper, but
others will get a Black Star.

Wash daily, but leave some hot water, so fill not
the bath-tub too deep,
And as soon as the lights are extinguished, remem-
ber the night is for sleep.

The Lair of the Boarder is sacred, so where she
has made her a home,
Only the Council may enter, and no other boarder
may come.

But if ye should be very noisy, and there should be knocks on the
wall,
Take warning and lower your voices; and let not your heavy
shoes fall.

If ye bring to the school some nice candy, or anything tempting
and sweet,
Hand it in to Miss Hulbert, O Boarder, before ye grow wolfish
and eat.

Astonishing rough are your manners, when all round the table
ye sit,
If ye ask not for that which ye covet, but grab impolitely for it.

Keep peace with the Prefects of Elmwood, of Nightingale, Keller
and Fry,
By wearing green bloomers, and tunic, besides a respectable tie.

Look well that ye mark all your clothing quite clearly with owner's
full name;

Keep tidy the drawers of your bureau—with regard to your cupboard,
the same.

The Junior may follow the Senior, but cub, when your heels are
grown high,

Wear the kind that's not French but styled Cuban; remember
this law when ye buy.

And if ye give tongue to some story, or news that ye hap to have
heard,

Take heed that ye make no improvements, exaggerate never a
word.

Let not your mood become cliquey, in groups ye must ne'er con-
gregate.

As a very mild hint to *some* day girls, be early on Monday—not
late.

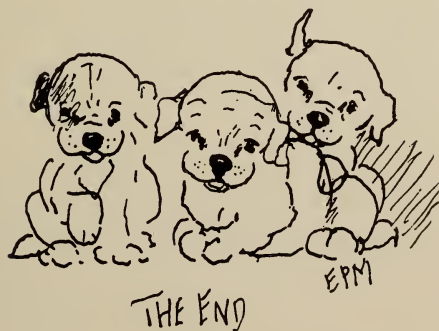
When singing your hymn in the morning, with the Pack lift your
voice in full cry,

Appear not as if ye were sleepy, nor yet like a duck going to die.

Now these are the Laws of Elmwood, and many and mighty are
they,

But the Chief Law of Mistress and Prefect, and that of the Head
is—OBEY!

—BETTY GORDON, *V Matric.*



THE PEACE TOWER SPEAKS

I am part of the beautiful Parliament Buildings in Ottawa. In fact I am the most picturesque part. I stretch high up towards the heavens. My eyes look North, South, East, and West. With them I give the people of Ottawa their time. I have a very beautiful voice and every quarter of an hour you can hear me use my chimes.

Sometimes I use my beautiful bells and hundreds of people come to hear me make music. My largest bell weighs fifty tons and when it peals it makes music for miles around. When Parliament is in Session I am the one that informs the people of Ottawa because a light shines from my head as bright as the stars above.

I can see many beautiful things from my high position. I can see where King Edward laid the corner-stone for my late brother, who was burned to the ground. I can see the spot where Champlain landed and I have seen many wonderful ceremonies in the spacious park below me. But perhaps the most wonderful thing of all is that I can always look down and see the spot where the gallant Canadian soldiers were reviewed before going over the dangerous seas to fight for the mother country in the World War.

I have a room inside me, where all the names of the brave Canadian soldiers who were killed in the world war are written down in a book, and on the wall there is a tablet with the poem "In Flanders Fields" written upon it. This poem was written by a Canadian poet who was killed in the war.

*"Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders Fields."*

The Canadian soldiers did hold the torch high, and I was built to help people remember the agony and danger they went through for our own country, Canada, and for the Great Empire to which we belong.

—M. CRUIKSHANK, IV B.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT

(With apologies to Robert W. Service)

GIRLS:—


There awaits our doom in the sitting room,
Where the prefects glare and frown,
And each junior small and each prep. and all
Are adread of the stern show down.
Of the time we talked when we should have walked
With our tongues held still inside,
When we ate too fast, when we came in last,
When a wrong we tried to hide.

We know well that they'll say: "Don't forget the day
When the cloakroom rocked with shout,
When you talked in prayers, when you rushed upstairs,
When your books you left about!"
Or at Wednesday noon as with song we boom
And look just a trifle bored,
"That's another way", say these prefects gay,
"To get marks you can't afford".

PREFECTS:—

O dear juniors small, and each prep. and all,
Reconsider your judgment hard,
For your prefects too, know what good you do,
When you help in school and yard.
We see you bring books, hand things on their hooks,
And obey all Elmwood rules,
AND WE GUARD THE RIGHTS OF ALL ELMWOODITES
Who attend the best of schools.

—CATHERINE MACPHAIL, VI Matric.


EPM.

TRIOLET

I'm sorry I'm late
But the clocks were all slow.
It just seems my fate,
I'm sorry I'm late.
I left before eight,
But I stuck in the snow.
I'm sorry I'm late
But the clock were all slow.

—DIANA CLARK, *IV A.*



WHAT THE LITTLE STAR SAW

It was a lovely clear night in February, and the stars shone down in all their brilliance from the purple sky. Among them almost hidden by the bright rays of her sisters, was the Little Star. At first she felt rather lonely, for the other stars rarely spoke to one who shed so little light as she did, but by and by she was attracted by faint strains of music coming from a large building, and as one of the windows in the roof was open, the Little Star peeped in.

Inside she beheld a beautiful sight, and she gasped as she saw the flags and balloons decorating the ugly, bare, steel girders of the Auditorium, for the building was no other. The skaters, dressed in brilliantly coloured costumes, were just coming onto the ice. The band was playing a gay tune, and the large audience applauded loudly, making a great roar of sound.

When the skaters had taken their places around the ice, a large imitation moon, illuminated from inside, was let down from the roof. Greatly excited, the Little Star called to all her sisters, and breathlessly they watched, as a group of skaters, dressed in the deep colours of the night, performed many graceful figures on the ice. Presently they finished, and into the circle of light came four figures, dressed in silver and white moonbeam costumes. The Moon had joined the watchers by this time, and he scoffed at the spectacle, declaring that the effigy in the centre looked no more like him than the costumes were like his rays! The stars, who were enjoying the Follies immensely, grew angry with him, and he soon went off, grumbling, on his nightly course through the heavens.

The four skaters went through a beautiful "Dance of the Moonbeams", and the stars joined enthusiastically in the applause. Of course, they could not be heard, but they liked to feel that they had something in common with these humans. Down below more skaters had come out on the ice, but now, the chief interest over, the watchers remembered that they had work to do, and went away to conduct the troublesome business of lighting their special portion of the world.

"Why, Little Star, we always used to think you were cold and haughty", they said as they left, "but you were only shy all the time."

The Little Star felt very happy to think that she had made friends with her sister-stars at last, and privately resolved to come again to see the Minto Follies next year.

—B. McLAUGHLIN, IV A.



A BUTTERFLY

A butterfly is indeed a beautiful creature. When we see it flying from flower to flower, bright wings flashing in the sunshine, we feel that summer is really here. Flowers and butterflies go well together, both are dainty and beautiful but alas, both are transient. The colours in a butterfly's wings cannot be equalled. Beautiful rich blues, browns and crimsons are found in them, as well as the metallic greens and glimmering yellows so hard to imitate. It is strange to think of such a dainty creature evolving from a caterpillar, a creeping thing of the ground. A butterfly is ethereal, mysterious, and intriguing. It draws our thoughts to higher things.

—C. BOWMAN, VI *Matric.*



A WOMAN SEWING

In a little thatched cottage sat an old country woman with her mending on her lap and a contented smile on her face. The sunlight poured in upon her, illuminating the dark interior of the simple room and providing sufficient light to enable her to work. The mending consisted of some ragged stockings and a torn

sweater, all of which evidently belonged to the little grandchildren around her, for she touched the clothing lovingly and began her work with an expression of happiness. The hand, which held needle and thread, was so worn and lined that it was plain her life had not been one of ease. Yet in spite of her wrinkled old features and grey hairs, there was such an air of kindness surrounding her that she appeared to be a truly radiant figure, whose smile invited little children to the haven of her knee.

—MARGOT SEELY, *V Matric.*



WHY ROME FELL

A short play in one act, to prove that the reason for the fall of Rome was Latin—

Scene—practically any classroom during study.

Characters—two Elmwoodians.

1ST ELMWOODIAN—How do you say “Since we believed that after his death it would be dangerous to set out”—

2ND—Use “cum”.

1ST—I have. Do I use the subjunctive?

2ND—(finds it in the book) Yes.

1ST—Credemus. Now how do you say “that?”

2ND—Use “ut”. No! doesn’t ‘credo’ take accusative and infinitive?

1ST—I’ll leave that for a minute. How do you say “his”? Oh, I forgot I don’t need it.

2ND—(sarcastically) Oh, yes. Just say you believed that after death it would be dangerous, etc.

1ST—Oh!—What’s “his”—oh, “se”.

2ND—Not “se” you want the genitive.

1ST—But you said *accusative* and infinitive.

2ND ELMWOODIAN collapses.

(*Curtain*)

NOTE.—We have since learnt that the real reason for the fall of the Roman Empire was that they “ran out of Romans”.

—M. GALE, *VI Upper.*

TO CANADA

O Canada, thou art a lovely land,
And filled with all the vital strength of youth,
Thy spirit famed afar and great as Truth:
On East and West the Oceans bound thy strand;
Between are mighty forests, mountains grand,
And prairies, rivers, lakes, the hungry tooth
Of deadly frost in Northland wastes uncouth;
While rich with merchant wealth the cities stand.
O may our country breed a noble race
Of men and women who are not afraid
In sacrifice of war and peaceful trade
To serve their land with hand, and heart, and brain,
Among the Nations claim her rightful place,
And keep her Honour ever clear of stain.

—B. SIFTON, *V Matric.*



JERVIS INLET

British Columbia has a rugged beauty and grandeur all its own. There is strength in the mountains, charm in the valleys and sparkling coolness in the lakes and streams, but if you would find fairyland, explore the little inlets of the coast. Jervis Inlet is only one of these but perhaps it is the most beautiful. While we were there we took a trip to see all its hidden waterways and narrow channels shut in by towering mountains.

At first the weather was not very promising, for a heavy mist covered everything like a veil, and we could only dimly distinguish the gray shape of the land on either side. When the fog had lifted, scene after scene of startling loveliness appeared, each more wonderful than the last. Ranges of jagged and massive mountains reared their shoulders, and finally faded in the distance. The tree-clad slopes were cut with silvery streams running from the snow of a mighty glacier. Here and there a velvet carpet of yellow brown stood out against its blue green background, or a great cleft, the track of a glacier, broke the swelling smoothness of a mountain side. High over head the snow-capped peaks glittered in the sun and what could be seen of the sky was a misty

blue, dotted with fluffy clouds. A faint haze subdued the light and added an almost unreal and pixy touch to all around.

Evening brought a faint wind which rippled the calmness of the ocean, while the setting sun cast a ruby glow on the water and tipped the peaks with rose. It was dark when we left the inlet, and we looked back to see those sombre mountains in silhouette against the star-lit sky.

—BETTY GORDON, *V Matric.*



SPRING



HE snow is melting very fast,
Skies overhead are blue and clear;
All these are signs that Winter's past,
And Mistress Spring is drawing near.

Soon the snow will all be gone,
Grass, as green as green can be,
Will take its place on field and lawn,
Oh, that green is good to see!

Lambs will frolic now once more,
Flowers will blossom, one by one;
Overhead the birds will soar
In the pleasant, golden sun.

Blue skies, warm air, the summer sun,
Let's hope they will not linger;
Birds' songs, flower-buds, the woolly lambs,
All these, Spring's Harbinger.

—BETTY McLAUGHLIN, IV A.

THE SENIOR MATRIC.

Hush! Listen! I think
That I heard a soft knock.
It's the lady reporter
Arrived on the stroke.
"You want to write up
What we know and all that?
Well, it's perfectly simple
We've everything pat."

"History? Yes,
We know it all,
Who built up Rome,
Who made it fall.
Why Alexander for
New conquests did seek.
We've studied Cæsar
And Homer the Greek."

"Languages, well
We've conquered five,
We've read or translated them
Dead or alive.
With Literature too
We no longer fuss,
The famous Will Shakespeare,
Has nothing on us!"

"As for Mathematics
We find them mild
We can square all the angles
Yes, tame ones or wild.
We can start with $x y$
And add or diminish,
And use all the alphabet
Up by the finish."

"Now please Miss reporter
We've shown you the lot
How we're finished and polished
Right up to the dot.

Yet there is still something
To add at the last
A something we all of us
Yearn to broadcast."

"When you've told all the world
How accomplished we are,
Just add that you find us
The cutest by far
Of next Season's debs!
Yes, lay it on thick
For the old 1930
Senior Matric!"

—MORRIS PETERS.



A SHIPWRECK

A leaden sky above, a rolling gray sea beneath, and far off to the left a dim shoreline; out to sea the dark shape of a steamer ploughing its white path.

On board a sudden shivering shock is felt, and a clamour of terrified shrieks and questions is heard in the cabin. The passengers are ordered on deck, and it is soon known that the ship is sinking fast; the faces of the men appear pale and drawn, while muffled sobs break from a huddled group of women.

The captain's voice rings out. The boats, filled with the women and children, are despatched to shore, and return for the crew and remaining passengers. A few minutes after the last boat has left, the vessel gives a sudden lurch, the bow rises with a smack, and the water sweeps over the stern; a moment she hangs in silhouette against the sky, then with a sucking explosion goes down stern first, and the troubled waters close over her.

—B. SIFTON, *V Matric.*



THE BEGINNING OF A PERFECT DAY

She sleeps, a smile of comfort on her face,
It changes as two hands begin their raid—
She turns, the covers only mark the place
Where once a head had blissfully been laid.

The owner of the hands, stands by the bed,
A-shiver in the icy morning air.
"You're late already, get up sleepy head!"
The answer is a muffled "I don't care!"

The breakfast bell is ringing loudly now,
"Great jumping cats! Where did I put my tie?"
Her room-mate has gone down-stairs long ago
And, horrified she hears the girls rush by.

A frown of terror wrinkles up her brow,
Wildly she's hunting for a safety pin.
"Oh, where's that comb?" Her shoes and stockings now.
The breakfast has begun—They've all gone in.

At last she's ready. Through the door she's peeping,
Trembling she meets the matron's icy stare.
She feels cold shivers down her spine go creeping,
As timidly she crosses to her chair.

All's over now perhaps for evermore,
Thinks she, as extra work she sadly scans.
Oh, how she hates that history, what a bore!
She's never understood those foreign lands.

She's finished all her work and out she rushes
Just as the school-bell rings for morning prayers.
With murder in her heart she hotly flushes,
And, turning, slowly marches up the stairs.

—FLORENCE CORISTINE, *V Matric.*



HER CROWNING GLORY

Long hair is coming back in style again,
And now it is becoming very plain
That Elmwood girls are trying all in vain
To grow a long and very stringy mane.

Upon the older girls it looks quite nice
But then it makes the younger girls look twice
Their natural age: 'Tis the prevailing vice,
It curls around their necks like tails of mice.

At last they cut it off in their despair,
Like to one prefect who has clipped her hair
Too short to bun, and now she will not dare
Remove her hat for feat to lose what's there.

So now this free advice I give to you,
If you decide to grow your short hair too,
Remember those whose shingled tresses grew,
Don't come to us and say you never knew.

—JOAN AHEARN, V A.



ANECDOTE

Un jour, un jeune Anglais se décida de faire un voyage. Il alla d'abord à Paris où il restait quelques semaines, et après ce séjour il prit son billet pour la Suisse. Le train devait partir à cinq heures, et il ne s'aperçut de l'heure qu'à cinq heures moins dix. C'était le temps des chevaux, et il lui fallait tout de suite un fiacre ou il n'atteindrait jamais la gare à temps. Comme son français n'était pas très bon, il se précipita dans la rue en criant, "Cochon,

cochon!" au lieu de "Cocher!" Tout le monde le croyait fou, de sort qu'il n'attrapât pas de fiacre et manquât le train.

—B. SIFTON.



THE SUNDIAL

*"My heures are made of sun and shade,
Take hede of what your heures are made."*

On the north side of Elmwood,
The patient sundial stands
In rain and shine forever,
Like rock on shifting sands;
It never moves or wanders
From its allotted place
And hour by hour the sunshine
Throws shadows on its face.

In the hot days of summer,
We watch the heavy line
Creep ever slowly round it,
When for holidays we pine;
In the cold days of winter
We see the shadow wan,
And know that happy springtime
Will come when winter's gone.

The sundial has a message
For you and me and all,
It's written round about it,
Beneath the trees so tall;
The words are short and simple
But with deep meaning fraught,
Be sure you read its lesson,
And heed it as you ought.

—C. MACPHAIL, *VI Matric.*

THE MINTO CARNIVAL



Y, I'm so excited I can hardly get my coat buttoned, what with this carnival coming off. People seem to think that we mice have no imagination whatever, but I've seen many a Minto Carnival in my time, and am quite an authority on skating. Poor Matilda! times have been hard for her, she couldn't come as she had to stay at home and put the babies to bed.

Well, I guess I can see almost everything from this hole in the wall, it should be good, being under the Governor General's box. The ice looks slippery tonight, I think I'll take up skating in my spare time, but it's been rather a busy season this year. Oh! there are some skaters now, don't they look gay, all decked out in their regalia? I think that's someone they call Sonja Heinie over there, at least that's what Vola Varnish tells me. There seems to be an endless stream of people coming in. Ah! I think I hear His Excellency now; yes, that's his footstep. I've grown so accustomed to it that I listen for it at nearly every carnival or hockey game.

The first number is on now! Oh, how I wish Matilda could see it! The skaters look so gay with their herald's costumes and trumpets. Two people are holding the centre, they skate beautifully; it reminds one of flying.

Oh, here come those funny men Shipstød and Johnson from New York. Vola was telling me all about them, and I would have learnt more had Matilda not angrily interrupted, to tell you the truth I couldn't suppress a little satisfaction at Matilda's jealousy. But getting back to the two men, it appears as though they were imitating two skaters. Ha! ha! Oh, how I wish Matilda were here to see this, I haven't laughed so hard since I put a tack on my teacher's chair when I was a young mouse. Karl Schaeffer is on now, yes, I'm seriously thinking of taking up skating. I'm afraid I'm a little too ambitious for my age though.

My goodness! what a deluge of cats! Has no one any consideration for my feelings? Whew! one nearly bit me with his tail then. Thank goodness they're off. I hope there will be something to soothe my feelings in the next number, as I wasn't exactly in favour of the last. There's Sonja Heinie! isn't she sweet!? Vola says she's only seventeen, just fancy, and to think that she was the world's champion at fourteen. My! my! I think Sonja

deserves a good clap, there wasn't half enough of her. I wonder what that orange balloon is doing up there? I think it's to be used as the sun in "the Veiling of the Sun" by the New York ballet. They're coming on now, what pretty costumes! That was beautiful! I hear someone saying that the Esquimos are coming on now. I have a friend who lives in the house of one of those Esquimos. They certainly gave the number a good tittle "Arctic Antics".

Now comes "the Minto Ballet" it is nice to see some of my old friends again, the costumes look very effective in the dim light. Ho-hum! I'm getting rather sleepy but that is inexcusable as Melville Rogers and his wife are doing a duet. Mr. Rogers was the champion of Canada for 1925-26-27 and 28.

Last but not least comes the number by the ensemble. The band is playing "God Save the King". Everyone in the audience has a contented expression. I agree with them, that it was an evening well spent. I loved Sonja and Karl, but ugh! those cats! Yet in spite of them I think I will take up skating. I guess I should be going now as Matilda will be getting anxious as to my whereabouts. Good-night everybody!

—NINI KEEFER, IV A.



AN OLD WOMAN TRYING TO MANAGE A DONKEY

I lolled luxuriously in a hammock that swung between two trees near the road, and watched with amusement the diverting scene of an old woman trying to manage her donkey. She was in a hurry to get to market, and the brute having stopped stubbornly in the middle of the road, her language could hardly be termed lady-like. A donkey is the most unyielding animal in creation, and nothing could induce this one to proceed. Entreaties and supplications were of no avail, and vicious threats, accompanied by kicks surprisingly adroit from one so old, were met with the same indifference. Finally, in desperation she gave it up, and settled down to her lunch by the wayside. No sooner was the meal prepared than that perverse beast determined upon galloping away of his own accord. Off he went like the wind, while his astonished mistress deserted luncheon and all to rush after him, shrieking imprecations to the skies.

It is strange that when we get what we want we are not always satisfied.

—BETTY GORDON, V *Matric*

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER

Darky was a little black dog with large floppy ears, a long curly tail and soft brown eyes. As a rule he was very quiet and good but there were times when he lost control of himself and rushed around in circles after his own tail just like any puppy. His surprise when he caught it was very funny. It was only then that he realized what he was doing and dropping it quickly he would put on his dignified manner again, and try to make everyone forget his strange behaviour.

M. GALE, *Upper VI.*



THE MAGIC OF MUSIC



HE musician leaned towards the piano with his supple fingers poised lightly over the keys. There was a moment of intense silence which seemed to breathe and pulsate. Then, as the audience waited spell-bound, the master struck a chord and the gates of romance and passion were flung open. The passive listeners yielded themselves to the magic spell of the genius in their midst, who immediately transported them to another world full of rhythm and beauty. Fairies and elves lured them through woodland glades with flutes and songs. Pan came and danced with them—a dance which wove round and round, swaying in motion to the fairy music. Then low rumblings spread a chill of fear and suddenly a great storm broke on the happy scene. Deep thunder crashed and lightning rent the heavens which seemed about to overwhelm the world. But gradually the storm-god was soothed, and with his all-powerful sceptre he lulled the furious elements. Again the fairies danced and played until the first faint flush of dawn tinted the eastern sky. Then, like tired children, they crept away—softly—softly. Another moment of intense throbbing silence and then a mighty burst of applause told that the audience had repassed the gates of Fairyland and were living again in the world of reality.

CATHERINE MACPHAIL, *VI Matric.*

A VIEW FROM A HIGH MOUNTAIN

For a long hot hour we had been toiling up the slope of a steep mountain, but now we stood upon the summit in the cooling breeze, ambrosia to our heated brows. We looked abroad, and far beneath us spread a panorama of exceeding beauty. Small rivers wound like silver ribbons between the chequered fields of dark earth, golden grain, and green grass. The verdant trees stood like silent sentinels, casting vague shadows on the sun-flecked ground. From our lofty perch everything was diminutive, a model world upon a great giant's table. No chime of church-bell fell on our ear, no movement marred the majestic sweep of peaceful country. We stood silent, awed by the beauty and the calm.

—C. BOWMAN, *VI Matric.*



ACROSTIC

Miss Baye**S**

Be**T**ty MacLachlin

Fr**A**nces Bates

Ni**N**i Keefer

Dorothy Blackburn

Jean **D**Unlop

Betty **P**launt

Elaine Mc**F**arlane

Nancy **T**oller

Ma**R**y Craig

Hel**E**n MacKay

Ceci**L** Bate

Pa**M**ela Reed

Susan **W**atson

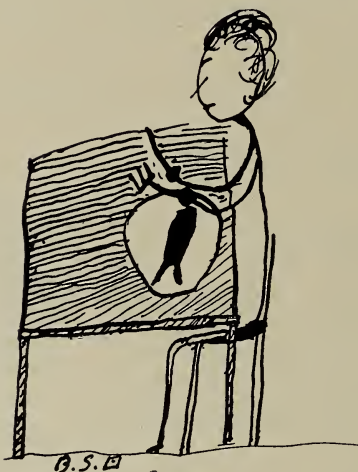
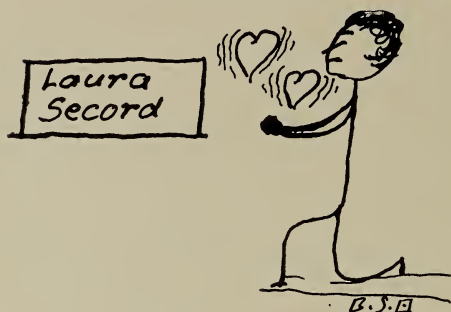
Norma Hall

Elean**O**r Kenny

Diana Clark.

—M. CRAIG, *Form I VA.*

ELMWOOD ALPHABET



A—is for Answer which in sorrow we seek,

B—is for Bathtub used three times a week;

C—is for Candy a rare-tasted joy,

D—is for Dog, our dear Beauty-Boy;

E—is for Elmwood with court-yard and gate,

F—is for Fish which is served on our plate;

G—is for Gramophone, teachers eye it askance,

H—is for Hall where we act or we dance;

I—is for Ink leaving spots not a few,

J—is for Jelly which with relish we chew;

K—is for Keller whose head is a Britton,

L—is for Library to read or to sit in;

M—is for Music which is heard all the day,

N—is for Nightingale with a prefectcalled 'Kay',

O—is for Orange we eat for our tea,

P—is for Prefect so perfect is she;



Q—is for question we try to
escape,

R—is for Row when we get
in a scrape;

S—is for Silence enforced by
the strong,

T—is for Tunic which has to
be long;

U—is for Uniform worn to
the knees,

V—is for Vegetable, the
favourite is peas;

W—is for Window there is
one in each room,

X—is for Xam which will
soon seal our doom;

Y—is for Year through
which we work hard,

Z—is for Zero when it's cold
in the yard.



Now the alphabet's finished, my labour is o'er,
I hope that the reading will not be a bore.

—MARGOT SEELY, *V Matric.*



THE GIRLS OF IVa

A girl in our class is Cecil Bate
Who at dramatics is certainly great.
Among us we have a girl named Plaunt
And a brainier girl you would not want.
A friend of hers also is Nancy Toller
Who makes you laugh so you want to stall her.
In front of her sits a girl called Bet
Who never misses her Geometry prep.
Jean's growing hair is no delight
She threatens to cut it every night.
Another girl is one called Elaine
Whose Latin and French ever bring her fame.
Next to her comes Helen Mackay
Who has a habit of being most shy,
Behind her sits a girl called Tink
Whose Arithmetic is the best, I think.
We must not leave out Diana Clark
Who is never known to have a black mark!
Across from her sits Frances Bates
Who is very good at Income Tax Rates.
Another girl is Pamela Reed
Who spends most of her time at the dentist indeed.
We must not forget graceful Nini
Who dances so well though she's not very teeny.
Our Form Captain is Norma Hall
Without whom we couldn't do at all.
We must not forget to speak of Sue
Who when absent did not forget all she knew.
Near the end I put little me
'Cause I'm not very good at anything you see.
Last but not least comes useful Dot
Whose helpfulness will not be forgot.

—M. CRAIG, *Form IVA*

A PLAYLET

Title—ORPHEUS

Scene—THE WOODS

ORPHEUS—leopard skin, harp, wreath of leaves.

ANIMALS—dressed according to name.

The mountains in the distance are yellow and red with darker brown and green.

Scene opens with Orpheus coming from behind some trees. He sits down and starts to sing a song about the autumn and its beauty. A fox from a near-by burrow comes and stands near him he presently starts to talk to him about the hunters. After a while a cow, a wolf, a bear, a blue-jay, and a robin, come to him.

(*Robin*) "Sing of the early morning, and of the worms which delight our insides."

(*Jay*) "No wonder you are so fat if you think only of worms."

(*Fox*) "I would like Orpheus to sing of some baby chickens within the reach of my mouth."

(*Bear*) "Please, dear Orpheus, sing of some fat, juicy, berries, right beside my hollow tree. For I like nothing better."

(*Wolf*) "Sing of the end of traps and of hunters. Sing of the tracks of the wolf-pack. Sing of our prey, sing of the chase and the fight."

(*Cow*) "Sing of a field of grass, and a nice warm stable filled with oats, sing of a pretty girl to milk me."

(*Jay*) "A field of grass! You empty-headed cow! Orpheus heed him not, but sing of the tit bits a hunter gives me."

(*Fox*) "For the sake of my tail, hurry up and sing something!"

(*Orpheus*) "Nay! stop thinking of your own desires, have a thought above your food."

He sweeps the strings of his harp and all are spell-

bound with the magic of his music and these are the words he sings:

*"The berries are ripe on the bushes,
The sunset is drawing nigh,
The earth is flooded with beauty,
That comes from the Gods on high.
Mankind is at peace with the world
As each thinks of his bounteous day,
He looks at the rose-tinted sky,
And waves to its fast sinking ray."*

(He gets up and disappears into wood.)

CURTAIN





THE FAIRY WISH

"You have been a very good girl lately, and I am going to reward you. You may have one wish granted."

How surprised I was when I saw before me a little old woman! She was haggard and hunch-backed and carried a wand. It was evident that she was a fairy.

"I—I don't know what to wish," I stammered. "I'm sure you have many wishes," the little old woman replied. "All little girls have. Now be quick, for I have no time to spare." "Then I wish that I may be a fairy." "Just for to-day though," I added quickly, not wishing to remain a fairy for longer than that.

"Very well then," the fairy replied. "When you want to be a human again, just say these words:

"Sprinkley, Sprinkled Sprinkle."

With that she waved her wand over me and vanished. Suddenly I felt myself getting smaller and smaller, and the furniture was high above me. Then I looked at my dress—it was white and I had the prettiest, daintiest pair of fairy slippers. There was a wand in my hand, and, best of all, I had a little pair of wings! They were, white, gauzy, and transparent.

Then (quite naturally it seemed) I began to move my wings about, and rose higher and higher in the air. I flew around the room several times, and then out of the window. Oh how lovely it was to fly! After flying around for some time I lighted on a flower in someone's garden. The garden looked very nice so I decided to find out to whom it belonged. I flew up to the house, and peeped in the window, and in the room sat a little white-haired old lady. In the other corner of the room was a little girl—"I don't want to, Granny, I won't!" she cried and stamped out of the room, kicking and breaking her toys, which were lying around. I immediately flew into the house and followed the little girl to her room where she lay storming on her bed—"I hate you!" "I hate you!" "I hate everybody!" she cried angrily.

"Now, little girl," I interrupted, "you have been very naughty, so if you are not good I will have to punish you."

The child looked startled, but she soon resumed her mocking air.

"Bah! I don't care for your old punishments."

"Very well then" I said and I waved my wand over her, turning her into a frog.

"Oh!" wailed the little girl, "I don't want to be a frog! I'll be good, but I don't want to be a frog!"

"All right," I said and I changed her back again, "but you must be good!"

"I will, I will," she said.

I then flew out of the open window. In front of the house there was a horse, who refused to move from the middle of the road despite his driver's efforts. So I flew over to him, sat on his forehead and tickled his ears. He evidently liked this, because in a little while he moved on.

Then I decided to take a trip to the moon, seeing that to-day would be my only chance to do so. Up I rose, higher and higher, resting on the stars when I was tired. When at last I reached the moon I found the "Man in the Moon" to be quite a friendly old fellow. He told me all the news and asked me if I was going to the Fairies' Sports Carnival this afternoon. "I didn't know there was one," I replied. "I would not have either," he said, but I saw the Queen's messenger hurrying about so I called him and he told me about it."

Well, thank you very much," I said but I think I will have to go. I will go to the party if I reach Earth in time. Good-bye!"

"I hurried down to Earth, and took so few rests on the stars that when I was nearly there I had no more breath left to fly and I had to let myself fall. It ended in a very painful landing in the bramble bushes.

"Oh dear! Oh dear! I can't get out! I'm all tangled!" I cried, "Oh Mr. Beetle, Mr. Beetle, do help me out, these thorns *do* prick!"

"All right. Hang on to my tail," he said. Soon I was out of the bush, and Mr. Beetle had flown away before I could thank him. But how could I go to the Fairies' Carnival when I was all rags and tatters from my fall. "Oh! Mr. Frog, I called, could you tell me where I would find a dressmaker?"

"Yes, in the big elm tree in this garden," he replied in his gruff voice.

When I had a new dress, I hurried to the Carnival.

The Fairy Queen sat on a daisy, near the pool, and the other fairies around her. The Carnival began with Water Sports: the frogs, toads, water bugs, and spiders qualifying for this.

After that came the Chariot Races, the earth bugs pulling the chariots and some fairies driving.

The mosquitoes supplied the orchestra. Then the Queen awarded the prizes, and the Carnival came to an end. I hurried home, and as soon as I had flown into my bedroom I said the words "Sprinkley, Sprinkled Sprinkle", and I felt myself growing larger and larger, and then—I was my own self. So ended my day as a fairy.

—HOPE GILMOUR, IV C.



ACROSTICS

June **W**hite
Lillian Gardn**E**r

Moir**A** Leathem
Genevieve **B**Ronson
BEtty Ball

Joan **F**raser
Pamela Simps**O**n
Do**R**othy Hardy
Margaret Carson

Ethel **F**innie
Do**R**othy Laidlaw
Hope Gilmo**U**r
Pat**R**icia Galt

Alison **C**ochrane

Barba**R**a Kennedy
CAtherine Irwin.

—BETTY BALL, *Form IV C.*

TWO STARS

There were two stars
All glistening white,
Two baby stars
Like candle light.

And as I looked
I saw one fall,
Beneath the trees
So stately tall.

—JEAN P. ROBERTSON, *Form III.*



THE ADVENTURES OF A TEA LEAF

Mr. Sugar, Mr. Tea Leaf, and Miss Marmalade sat together on the pantry shelf. Suddenly Mrs. Clock struck twelve. Mr. Tea Leaf stretched and yawned. "What do you mean by waking me up sir?" he exclaimed sleepily, "It's your turn to tell the story of your life", said Sugar. "All right I will. Listen now!" Human beings think very little of the tiny Tea Leaf which floats around in their tea cups, yet little as I am I have had a world of adventures. I was born in China with many other little tea-leaf brothers and sisters. One day I woke up and looked around, like I did every morning, and I saw some men and women going round with baskets. One of the women picked me up and put me in her basket. I was terribly squashed and felt very unhappy. At last a rough looking man picked me out of the basket, I was certainly very grateful to him. I looked around and saw some of the queerest articles I think I have ever seen in all my life. I heard someone say it was machinery. Next day we were all put on slides and went through various machinery, when I got out I felt funny, I felt rather flattened out to tell the truth! Then we were separated into different groups. I was very sad because my best friend and I were parted. We were then packed up in barrels very tightly. We arrived at a huge factory and were unpacked and put on shallow trays, the trays were then brought into a heated room and I felt as if I were getting hot and soft. Then we were put through more machinery. After that they placed us in drawers and covered us with damp curtains. We then got

packed again and after a long time of travelling we reached a place which was called a store. Life became very dull sitting in the same place day after day. One morning a little girl came into the store and gave the man who lived there some silver money, and he put me in a bag with a great many other tea leaves and I came to this house and that's the end!" "That was a wonderful story, do tell us about another of your lives," said Sugar. "Silly, I have only one life", laughed tea-leaf. "And please, Marmalade, take your sticky self away from me".

—JOAN FRASER.



IVc



HERE is a nice form called IV c,
Or so it does seem to "wee me".
We think that we're quite
The best form in sight,
But others don't always agree!

Our Form Mistress is called Miss Greene,
Who is always very serene.
She teaches us drill,
To guard us from ill,
And to keep us ever so lean.

We're a good form, we really are!
Though others don't think so by far.
We work with a will,
And don't stop until
We're sure that we've each got a star.

—MOIRA LEATHEM, *Form IV C.*



SPRING

Spring is such a happy time,
The pretty flowers are all in bloom,
The Violet with its modest charm,
The Hyacinth's purple plume.

On my way to school I see,
Many flowers of a delicate shade,
All who seem to say to me,
"Pick me, Joan, don't let me fade!"

Take me to your garden, dear,
Plant me nice and deep,
With the other flowers there,
I will grow and keep.

—JOAN FRASER, *Form IV C.*

THE UMBRELLA SPEAKS

I am an old torn umbrella. Once I was a new shiny umbrella and I was very nice to look upon, and a very nice lady called Miss Thackeray bought me. And Miss Thackeray took me out and there was a very strong wind that day and it blew me along the street and I tried in every way to set myself free.

All of a sudden the wind blew me inside out, and it still went on blowing me, so that I could not save myself from being blown away, but on I went, till at last I saw that I was being blown towards a garbage heap.

Still I struggled to set myself free. At last the wind blew me over the garbage heap, but instead of blowing me past it, the wind blew me over the top of the heap. It started to blow me around and around the heap, then I had a jolly good time, but I felt very dizzy, and then I dropped right into the middle of the garbage heap and here I am still.

—JOAN ZIEGLER (*aged 6 years*) *Preparatory Form*



THE HEN'S SECRET

She was hunting in the field,
Hunting high and low,
Looking for a secret place,
Nobody would know.

Underneath a hedge so thick,
There a nook she found,
There she laid some lovely eggs,
White and smooth and round.

Nights and nights she guarded them,
Safe beneath her wings,
Till one day, mind you, she had,
Thirteen Chirping Things.

Thirteen tiny little chicks,
Each a ball of fluff,
Now her secret she had kept,
Long, yes long enough!

—JOAN FRASER, *Form IV C.*

“KEEP THIN”

Once there was a girl called Joan
And I'm sorry to say
She did not agree with fashions
Of the present day.

For she was very stout and fat,
The fashions say “keep thin”,
She thought that to stop eating was
An awful crime and sin.

One day she went a visiting
A friend called Mrs. Lynn,
Her new maid opened wide the door
And politely asked her in.

She showed Joan to the library
And told her to sit down
While she called the mistress,
Who was putting on a gown.

Our Joan obeyed instructions
But chose a wobbly chair
And she no sooner sat on it when
Crash it wasn't there.

Mrs. Lynn was frightened,
Coming down the stair,
She missed a step and fell, and gave
The maid an awful scare.

The maid was carrying hot, hot tea,
She spilt it on the cat,
Then it gave one awful howl
And promptly dropped a rat.

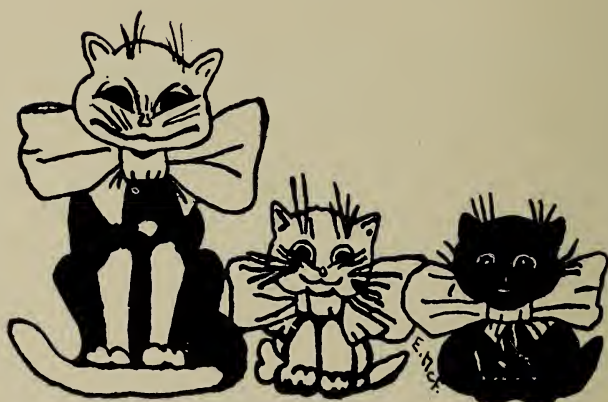
The rat was very much surprised
At being dropped so soon,
It ran into the library,
Joan fell in a swoon.

At last they all came to, and then
Our Joan was very sad,
Because she'd spoilt a lovely chair
Mrs. Lynn said 'twas too bad.

RESULT

Joan went home very quickly,
She went to bed to be quiet,
And the VERY NEXT DAY
She started the eighteen day diet!

—C. IRWIN, IV C.



"CLEAN BOW DAY"

THE DANCE OF THE LEAVES

It was a sunny October day. A restless feeling prevailed in the forest. The birds noticed it, and one robin said to his mother, "Mother, what is the matter? I heard King Oak say something about 'invitations' to some of the breezes". "Yes, dear," answered his mother, "there is going to be a dance to which all the leaves are invited." The bird was right, for King Oak had sent some little breezes with invitations to all the leaves, asking them to a dance on the evening of Hallowe'en.

"Oh dear, we must change our dresses quickly," the leaves were heard to rustle. Jack Frost was costumier to all of them. Madame Poplar preferred to dress her children in yellows, Mr. Maple in bright shades of red, yellow and reddish-brown, and Mrs. Elm in shades of brown and gold. The Evergreens were not invited to the ball because it was known that Mother Nature did not allow them to go. Queen Oak preferred Jack Frost to dress her children in shades of russet, brown, and amber.

How to get away was an important question. The leaves were getting very anxious about it. But Mother Nature came to the rescue. She hurried about from tree to tree, from leaf to leaf, putting a little layer of cork between the stem of the leaf, and the branch. "Now hold on tightly until the day of the ball, or you will not have your dresses fresh," she said.

They did hold on, most of them, until the day at last came. Everything was hustle and bustle in the forest. King Oak sent his servant, West Wind, to carry the guests to the ball. But alas! some of the leaves escaped and fell into a stream and never got to the dance at all; some got trampled under the feet of a herd of cattle; other, poor things, were gathered and burnt by those awful human beings. But the great majority got to the ball safely.

When all had arrived the ball began. South Wind helped them to dance. It was a gay scene. The moon was lighting up the field with its bright light. Crickets and frogs made the orchestra. The poor little Beech children had to look on, for their mother did not think it well for them to go. She liked them to stay with her till her new babies came next spring. One or two of them escaped, but only a few.

When all was over South Wind blew the leaves into ditches and hollows, where they slept all winter, never to wake again.

THE FAWN

'Twas on a sunny April day,
 Whilst wandering in a woodland glade,
We came upon a shady nook
 Carpeted with moss of jade.

We stooped and quenched our longing thirst
 In cool fresh water from a spring;
Then all at once we stood entranced
 To hear the birds so sweetly sing.

We also heard a plaintive sound,
 As if some creature was distress;
We turned and saw a gentle fawn,
 To calm her fears we did our best.

Her mother, having onward strayed,
 Was captured by some thoughtless man.
So little and so young this fawn
 Her spots had not yet turned to tan.

We took her home and gave her food,
 Which gratefully she did partake.
Now every day she waits for us
 Beside a sparkling little lake.

—C. IRWIN, IV C and B. GORDON, V. *Matric.*



THE GARDEN



I opened the rustic gate and walked up the flag-stoned path to a little cottage with a thatched roof. Around the cottage was a lovely garden; the most beautiful I had ever seen. At the entrance to the garden there were two tall trees, Strength and Truth. Around it there was an evergreen hedge of cedar. Paths went up and down between the flower-beds and butterflies flitted here and there. The cottage itself looked very inviting. It was small, neat, and tidy, and on the windows were flower-boxes in which bloomed — Morning Glories, Nasturtiums, Geraniums and Heliotrope. I knocked at the door and it opened, of itself, revealing the Princess Beautiful. She was not splen-

didly arrayed, as I had expected, but was dressed in a simple white dress and cloak.

"Oh, would you like to see the garden?" she asked, in her gentle, sweet voice.

"Yes," I replied, "I was coming along this way and I was so attracted by your lovely garden that I decided to see to whom it belonged".

"This way", she directed. "I will show you the flowers first."

I followed her down one of the little paths. "These", she said, pointing to a patch of beautiful pink roses, "are the Flowers of Love. And—oh! where is Modesty?"

"Here I am, Princess" replied a tiny voice. The Princess pushed aside a large rose leaf, revealing a little white flower, with drooping head. "You hide away, Modesty, so that I never can find you. Here you see Gentleness", she continued, and I perceived several bunches of huge velvety pansies. "These hyacinths are Kindness. I have tried to plant large quantities of Cheerfulness, and I have planted some more seeds of Unselfishness and Friendship just this morning."

We walked up another path.

"I have been particularly careful to attend to the clusters of Courtesy, which I have planted all about my garden. I am very fond of Courtesy and I think it is one of the important things in life. Don't you?"

"To tell the truth, I have never thought much about it".

"This cedar hedge", she continued, "that borders the garden, is Courage".

Suddenly I heard a sweet voice singing.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"That is my little helper, Honesty, singing in the arbour of Thankfulness. Oh! the Flower of Innocence is dead. Honesty! the Princess called, will you bring me some of the Water of Life from the well?" Honesty quickly brought the water, and, as the Princess Beautiful sprinkled it over the Flower of Innocence it became alive, fresh green sprouts coming out here and there.

"I now will have to show you the weeds, many of them grow in the bed as the soil is not good. I try to weed them out every day, but they will not stop growing. Oh!" sighed the Princess, "I did not pull out the weed of Exaggeration, yesterday, and now I have a large plant of Untruth to take out. That will be difficult as the roots are so deeply planted. And here is the weed of Cowardice, I have not seen it for quite a while. No! no! the weed of Selfishness cannot grow beside the Flower of Love. Jealousy has grown again. Fear is also pushing its way up. In this corner you see the weeds of Vain Pride and Unkindness.

"Now we come back to the pleasanter things. These shrubs are the Shrubs of Obedience. The group of trees at the other end of the garden are the trees of Helpfulness, and the vine that grows along the side of the cottage is the Vine of Willingness. That is all I have to show you. But I hope that you will come back again some other time. Goodbye!"

"I have enjoyed my visit very much, and I will come back if I can. It is a thing I will remember all my life. Goodbye! and thank you!" and I continued on my way.

—H. GILMOUR, IV C.





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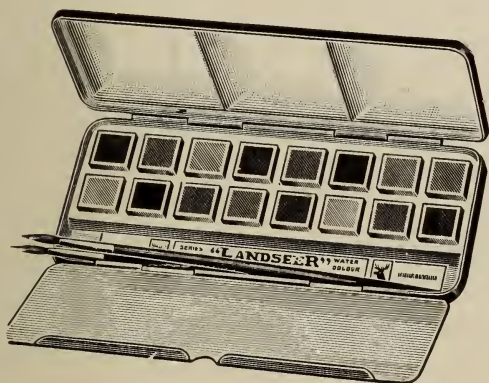
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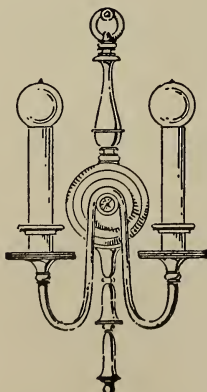
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